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VOL. XI. APRIL, 1905 NO. 8.

The JEWISH HOME

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for the JEWISH FAMILY AND SCHOOL

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THE SEDER SERVICE.

By Mrs. Philip Cowen

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The extraordinary call for the work last year, on its first appearance, required a second printing to meet the demand for it.

The third edition has been revised, the Hebrew being made more perfect because of the use of the work as a text book, and the music has been reset in clearer type.

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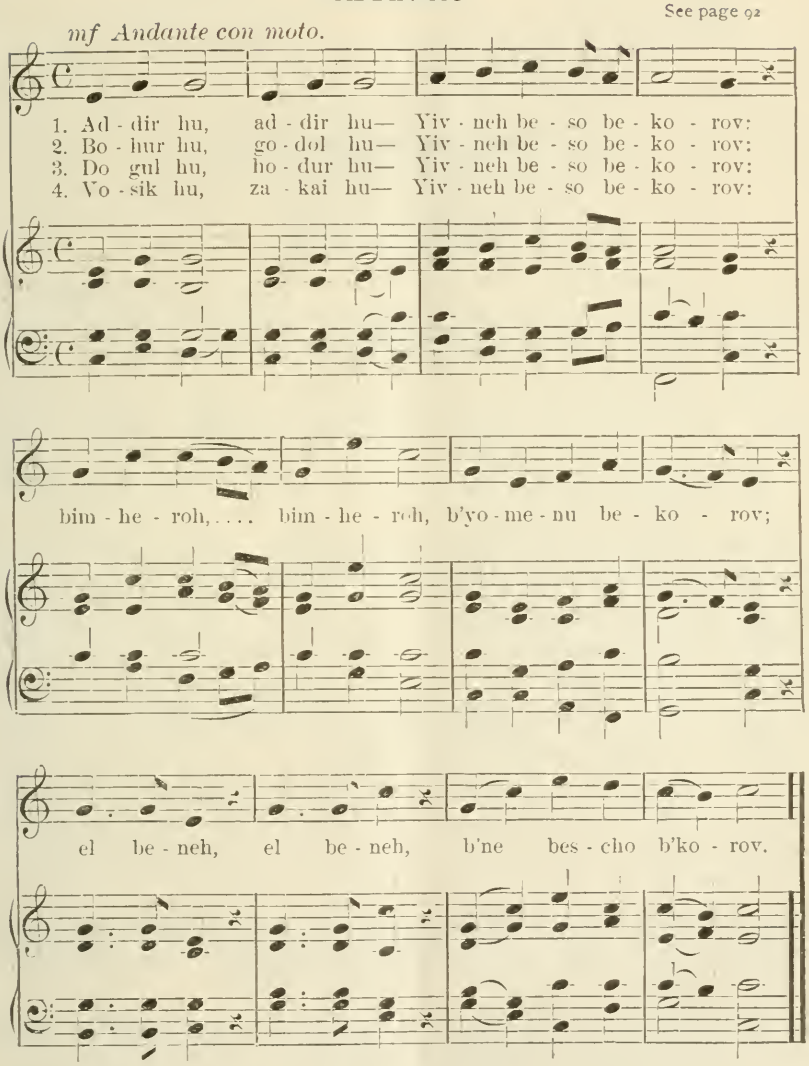
mf Andante con moto.
1. Ad - dir hu, ad - dir hu— Yiv - neh be - so be - ko - rov:
2. Bo - hur hu, go - dol hu— Yiv - neh be - so be - ko - rov:
3. Do gul hu, ho - dur hu— Yiv - neh be - so be - ko - rov:
4. Vo - sik hu, za - kai hu— Yiv - neh be - so be - ko - rov:
bim - he - roh, ... bim - he - roh, b'yo - me - nu be - ko - rov;
el be - neh, el be - neh, b'ne bes - cho b'ko - rov.

5 'Hosid hu, tohor hu.....
6 Yo'hid hu, kabbir hu.....
7 Lomud hu, melech hu.....
8 No-or hu, sagiv hu. .....
9 Izzuz hu, podeh hu.....
10 Tsaddik hu, kodosh hu.....
11 Ra'hum hu, shaddai hu.....
12 Takkif hu, Takkif hu.....

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The Jewish Home

FORMERLY "HELPFUL THOUGHTS"

An Illustrated Magazine for the Jewish Family and School

Vol. XI April, 1905 No. 8

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The Jewish Home

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1905 NO. 8

An Old Book

By Dr. Herman Baar.

My Children:

It is with books as it is with men; hundreds of new books are published yearly, and as soon as they have been read are put upon the shelf and sink into oblivion. So it is with man. Hundreds of human beings are born every minute of the day, and every minute hundreds disappear from the earth and are no more thought of. Only great men, men of superior minds, or of great hearts, perpetuate their names and after they have passed away live in the history of the world; and so it is with books. Among thousands that are published scarcely one keeps a firm hold upon posterity. Among the few, however, that have lived through the ages, I want to mention to you this morning a book which is not unknown to you, which possesses a certain attraction for every Jew. It is not a novel, nor is it a manual of science, nor yet a volume of romance, nor a compendium of history. The book that I have in mind is given a prominent place in every Jewish household, and though it is read but once in a year, yet we do not readily forget its title or its contents, for it is upon the lips of every Jew. I am sure you have already guessed that the book I mean is the "Haggada." The Haggada is known where every Jew lives. It has been translated into every modern language, and is the book that is used on Seder Night, which is what we call the eve of the Passover.

What is it that has made this book so popular among our people? It is because it tells of the great fight between liberty and slavery, between truth and falsehood, between tyranny and justice, nay, between the power of God and the frailty of man. From the beginning to the end of the book the spirit of liberty runs through every line and page. How beautifully it begins: "Behold this is the bread of affliction. Let him who is hungry come and eat with us." Whilst other nations celebrate the advent of their liberty with bonfire and speech, and music, and banners, and the blare of trumpets, and with feast-

*Unprinted words spoken by the late Dr. Baar before the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum on the first day of Passover.

ing, our Haggada, on the contrary, points with a certain pride to "the bread of affliction," with the eating of which we celebrate the festival of our freedom; thus showing that true freedom must be based on soberness, self-denial, frugality. This "bread of affliction" is a fitting symbol for that mission of martyrdom which the Jew has been made to play in the history of nations.

In order that we may share our bread with others, our Haggada directs us to invite to our humble meal everyone who wants to partake of it. In former times, not only on Seder evenings, but also on all the Sabbaths of the year the poor and those who had none to help them were welcome guests at our table. It was considered uncharitable and unkind to refuse to anyone who was hungry a seat at our festive board. Thus it was that the poor was brought into closer association with those of ampler means. It is to be regretted that these times have passed away and that instead of this hospitality we pay our little mite to the charities, and therefore do not see a poor man in our house from one year's end to the other.

A most interesting feature in the book I am speaking of is the introduction of four kinds of persons, each expressing in his own peculiar manner his ideas and opinions about the festival of liberty which we celebrate on Passover. There is the wise man who, like all wise men, while considering himself an authority in sacred history is greatly impressed with the victory of liberty which has been achieved. The wicked one, who we may call the professional critic, and who, like the professional critic, belittles everything with his skeptical mind, everything that is dear and holy to others; the simple-minded one, who in the weakness of his intellect, artlessly goes where others fear to enter; and the child who has not yet learned to inquire, who hangs with unwavering trust on the lips of his parent or teacher. We find characters of this kind in every Jewish family.

My children, we often hear the discussion as to which stands higher in life: love or justice. Christianity, as you know, proclaims that it was the first to introduce into the world the gospel of love. It is not necessary to refute this assertion, for "love thy neighbor as thyself" is a command that is first mentioned in the Old Testament; but in my opinion love is not The highest principle. Justice is superior to love. Love blinds our eyes, makes us partial, prejudices us in favor of one or another. Justice, however, is free from partiality. It looks neither to the right nor to the left; is not biased by any pre-conceived notions, and gives its judgment in strict conformity with the dictates of pure righteousness. There was a judge in ancient Israel, Simon Ben Shetach, who sentenced his own son to death. He loved him with the love of a father, but justice compelled him to condemn him to death. This was the judge who once summoned King Jannai before his court to testify against

an accused person. All the witnesses stood up, but King Jannai kept his seat. "Will you please rise up and give me your evidence," said the judge. "Only then," said he, "when all the other judges are of the same opinion as you." Looking to his right and to his left, Simon perceived that both of his associate judges were too cowardly to face the king's countenance; they looked down, and in so doing they defeated the course of justice.

I have dwelt so much this morning on justice, for the reason that from the commencement of the Haggada to its end, we find running throughout this spirit of justice. At the end of the Haggada we find a little tale called Had Gadya. This Had Gadya, One Only Kid, has been variously commented upon, but in my opinion it is a tale which teaches us that in this world retribution is certain; tyranny and oppression, wickedness and persecution, defiance and haughtiness, obstinacy and brute force, must one day cease; and justice, heaven-born justice, will be meted out to every human being on earth. That law of justice was first proclaimed on that eventful night when our people were freed from Egyptian bondage. Since then we have had our own land, we have been exiled and scattered all over the earth, and been persecuted. In one country we were well treated and put on an equal footing with all our fellow-citizens, in another country we were hunted down and tyrannized over; what we want is not love; what we want is not toleration; we want simple justice, this heavenly charter, the right of every human being created in the image of God.

Hereafter, my children, when you take the Haggada in your hand, look at it, read it, and esteem it as the oldest and most venerable document containing Israel's plea for justice, freedom and humanity. Amen.

The Sacred Tongue

By Joseph Zedner.

I

The first period of the Hebrew language extends from the revelation on Sinai and the giving of the law, through the first founder, to the destruction of the Temple and the banishment of Babylon. Before that time we find no mention of the existence of the language, although it cannot be denied that it exsisted previously, and, according to the Scriptural narrative, from the beginning of creation, yet it is but in these that a remembrance of the language is kept up. From the supposition generaly taken, that the written memorials supply us with information concerning the condition of the language, we may with certainty conclude that the same must have reached, at that time, the highest

state of culture as it sufficed in all cases. Remarkable it is however, amidst all troubles and hardships the nation had to undergo, during the time of the Judges, before they had a king, that poesy was nevertheless preserved to great perfection, as the song of Deborah sufficently corroborates, but as soon as the Kingdom was severed in two parts—when Ephraim deserted Judah, and the greatness of the house of David diminished—the language also began to decay, for Ephraim was opposed to Judah, and to his own detriment entered upon an alliance with strange nations. Amid such national dissensions, it is impossible that science could prosper, and in town and country every dogma fell into decline. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, the versatility of the language has not entirely ceased among the people, as long as the light of divine resplendence illumined the prophets, and poets and marvelous songsters were among them, such as Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, Amos and Micah.

II

The second period lies from the banishment to Babylon, to the return from thence, and from the building of the second Temple to its destruction, an epoch of about 500 years. We leave the preceding expulsion, of the ten tribes unsaid, because they returned no more, and speak only of the banishment of Judah's and Benjamin's. Since the light and government in Judah had ceased, and the Israelites submitted to the Babylonian king, the language also lost its luster and color, for the Jews made no further use of the same, but acquired the language of the ruling nation, Aramaic and Chaldaic.

During the whole time of the second Temple we find not a single work composed in Hebrew except the book Ben-Sira, of which the Hebrew text was known, but this is not extant now; it became lost, or is somewhere stowed away, and has thus remained unknown to our co-religionists. Perhaps, in course of time, even other works may have been lost, because in that period no such care was bestowed on them, which we find the scribe Esra, with his energy for the divine law, and his party, the Society of the great Synod, have show for the preservation and arrangement of the twenty-four books of Holy Writ. Through the Massora they had established the same firmly, and had secured them from arbitrary alterations, in order that evil hands may not bring about interpolations. Thereby these twenty-four sacred books are preserved to us in their correct form unto this day. Besides, these men of the great Synod have given us no fixed formulas for our prayers. From these works of theirs, to determine upon the state of the language, it appears that the same was at that time an object for study, and although they knew how to handle the language, it was with them nevertheless no more in that pure state as previously.

III.

The third period is from the termination of the assembly of the great Synod, the origin of the Pharisees in

the third century of the second Temple, the boly of Mishna teachers proceeding from the same, and the succeeding authors of the Talmud in explanation of the Mishna, till the completion thereof, a period of more than six hundred years. During this long period not a trace can be found for fostering or maintaining the language; inasmuch as all the keepsakes their hands left us are the Mishna and the Talmud, containing laws and precepts. As these refer to objects which concern the acts of every individual from the mass of the nation, they preferred comparing the same in language well known and easily understood as a pure Hebrew was to all accessible only under very great difficulty; yet even during this period the existence of some odd clever man cannot be denied, possessing poetic talents, and who fostered the poesy of the Hebrew language; for among a people endowed with knowledge, science and moral laws, it cannot lack poetical minds. As I have already mentioned, poesy is the sister of knowledge and culture, and where the latter is found the former is surely to be met with. In pursuing this aim, however, the authors of the Talmud have in their work found no opportunity, as their intention was limited merely to the proper arrangement of the law.

IV.

The fourth period is from the completion of the Talmud, the origin of the Seboraim, after them the Gaonim, and then the academical teachers, until the expulsion from Spain—a period of eight hundred years. This epoch especially had made great strides in the acknowledgment of the language. During this space of time the foundation was laid for the construction of grammar, which has been preserved unto this day; for they breathed a spirit into the dry bones, that they have become a living being. To the latter, whose Hebrew works have been handed down to us, belong R. Abraham ben Esra, and the brothers R. Moses and R. David, sons of R. Joseph Kimchi. The most renowned is the latter, R. David Kimchi; he is the pillar on which all succeeding authors leaned, and his two works, the Grammar and Lexicon, have served us for a finger-post in all improvements of the language, and all later works till the present time have drawn from this source; for although an extension may be possible, it is not likely that anything can be taken away from them. But in regard to the productions of poetry during this period, we find two kinds: the one consisting of the ritual poesy, which is called Keroboth, as arranged and divided for the whole year, and in all Jewish congregations in Germany, Poland and other countries made use of. All these poesies have, with other poetic works, no other peculiarity in common, except the rhyme. The second kind includes the poetry which, from the Gaonim and the founders of grammar, have been composed, and which the Spanish communities have adopted. These are of sublime matter and of noble and poetic forms.

V.

The fifth period embraces the time

from the expulsion from Spain until forty years before our time—about three hundred years. These are called the three hundred years of darkness in regard to language and sciences. With the expulsion of the Arabs from the western countries, Portugal and Spain, all science and also the Jews were expelled, and from that time their luster disappeared, and Jacob's honor became gloomy. They were tossed about from kingdom to kingdom, from one country to another, and at last they spread over Germany and Poland. There the sun of knowledge set for them entirely, the stars of perception became darkened, and the language went into mourning; for misfortune had broken their spirit, and the continual persecutions and expatriations made their mind cloudy, so that they turned their heart from all science and knowledge, and as they understood no other language, nor any other books than those of the Hebrews, and transferring the same into jargon peculiar to themselves, their expressions destroyed the meaning thereof, being unable to explain the Scriptures properly. Therefore the study of the same soon ceased to be an object for instruction, and thus the knowledge of the language and the art of poesy was lost to them. Yet, even in those hard times, Israel had not become an orphan, and not a few men of talent existed, who strengthened the building of the language by clearing the stones of their rubbish and repairing the foundation.

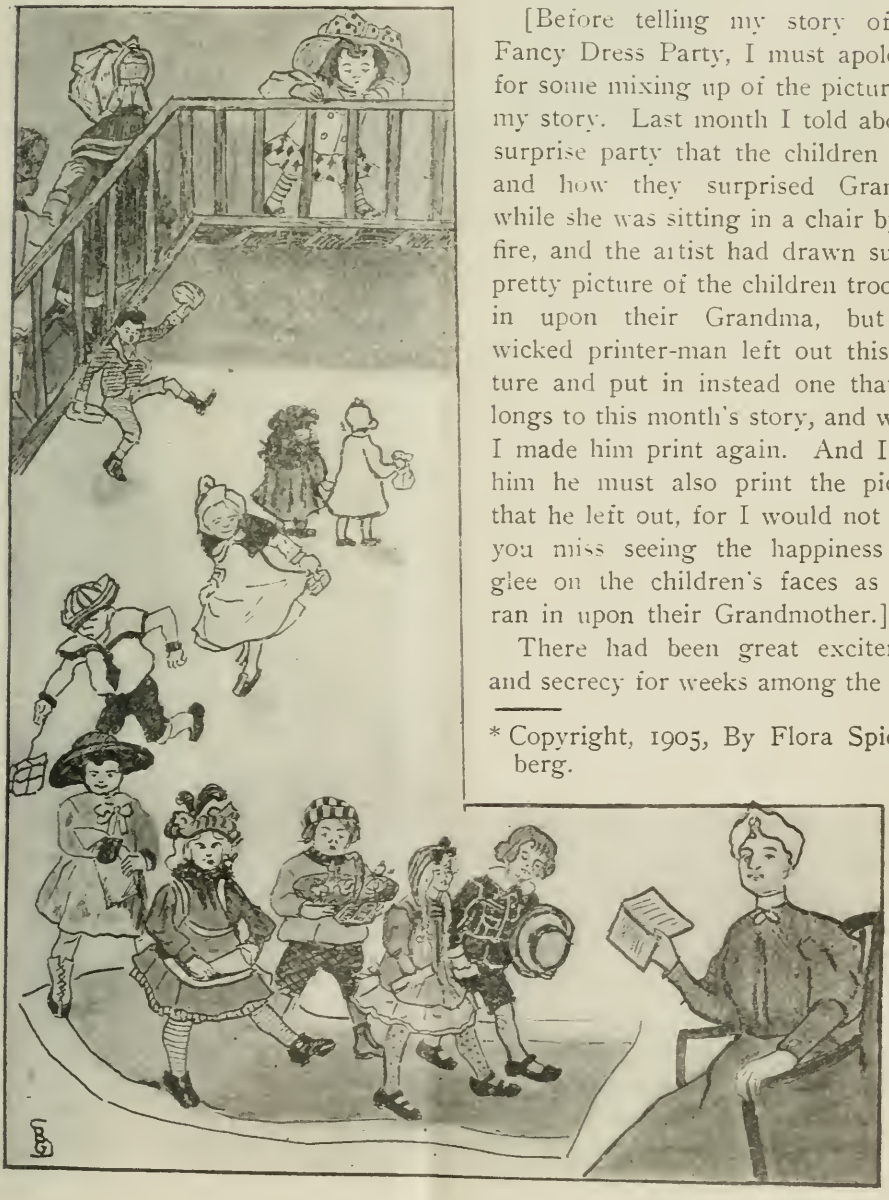
VI.

The sixth period—the shortest and most changeable of all, because it comprises no more than forty or fifty years, and because in none of the previous periods do we meet with so strange a condition of the language so entirely opposite, now rising and now falling. The same as Mendelssohn in knowledge and understanding shown before his people, that people sought for him, and nations came to consult with him, so was also his friend, the energetic man in the law of God, the wise and renowned poet, Naphtali Herz Wessely, who spread a clear light, and raised by his excellent writings and invaluable poetry the value of the language and poesy. It was God who raised these two great luminaries and the stars—the members of the society for the advancement of all that is good and noble. But when Moses, the servant of God, had died, his works also came to an indifferent end; with the light of the divine man the sparks of desiring knowledge were extinguished, and the brightness of studying the language became darkened. The "Sammler" ceased to exist, its society soon dispersed, and the language lost its ornaments. Since the death of the righteous man the language has been sinking in proportion as the same rose during his lifetime. But we have retrograded in regard to language as well as all religious study, and the occupation with Holy Writ and the Talmud is unfortunately becoming year by year more neglected, till in due time God will once more ordain otherwise.

Pleasant Afternoons with Grandma Flora in the City*

By Flora Spiegelberg.

A FANCY DRESS PARTY.



[Before telling my story of the Fancy Dress Party, I must apologize for some mixing up of the pictures in my story. Last month I told about a surprise party that the children gave and how they surprised Grandma while she was sitting in a chair by the fire, and the artist had drawn such a pretty picture of the children trooping in upon their Grandma, but the wicked printer-man left out this picture and put in instead one that belongs to this month's story, and which I made him print again. And I told him he must also print the picture that he left out, for I would not have you miss seeing the happiness and glee on the children's faces as they ran in upon their Grandmother.]

There had been great excitement and secrecy for weeks among the little

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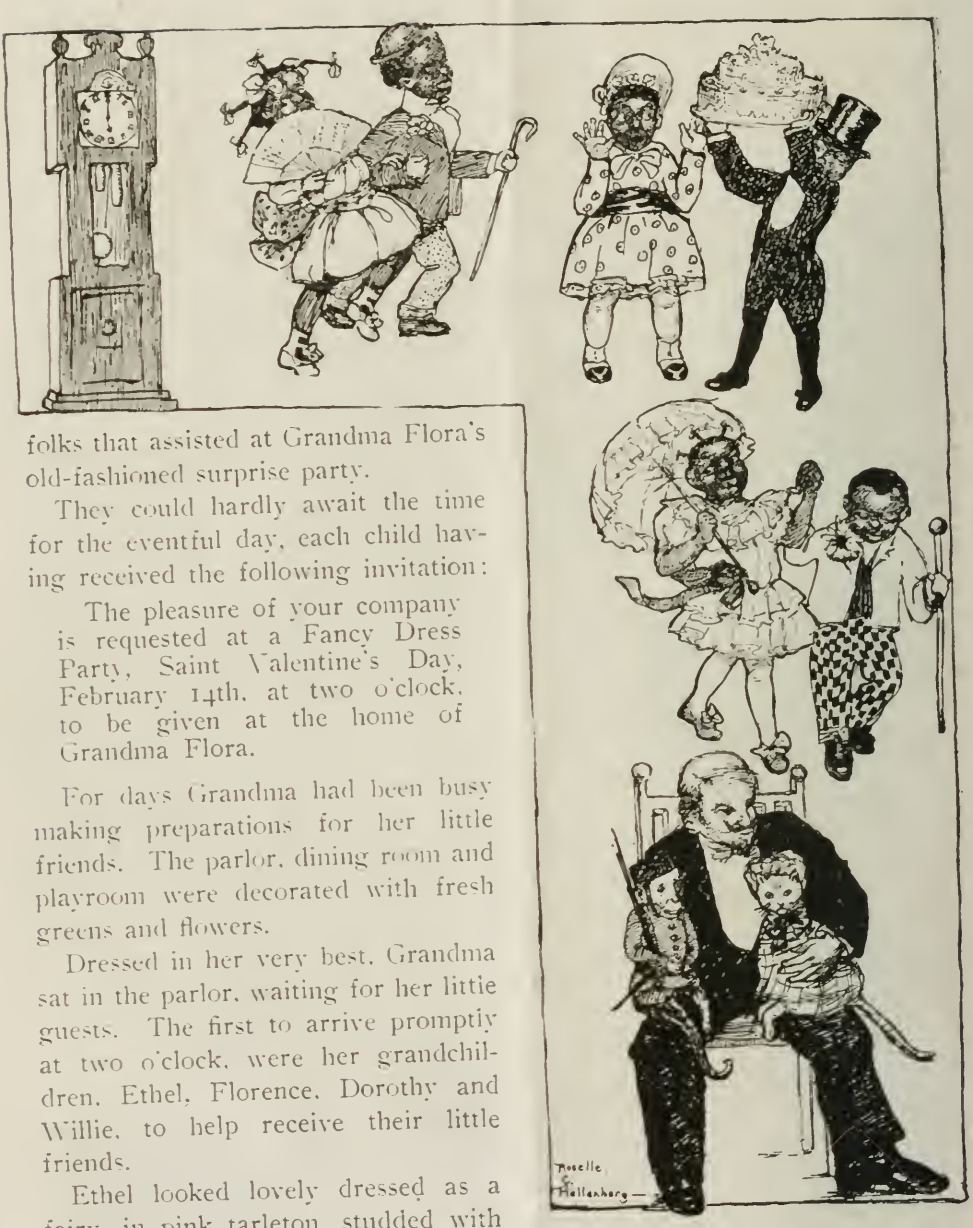


folks that assisted at Grandma Flora's old-fashioned surprise party.

They could hardly await the time for the eventful day, each child having received the following invitation:

> The pleasure of your company is requested at a Fancy Dress Party, Saint Valentine's Day, February 14th, at two o'clock, to be given at the home of Grandma Flora.

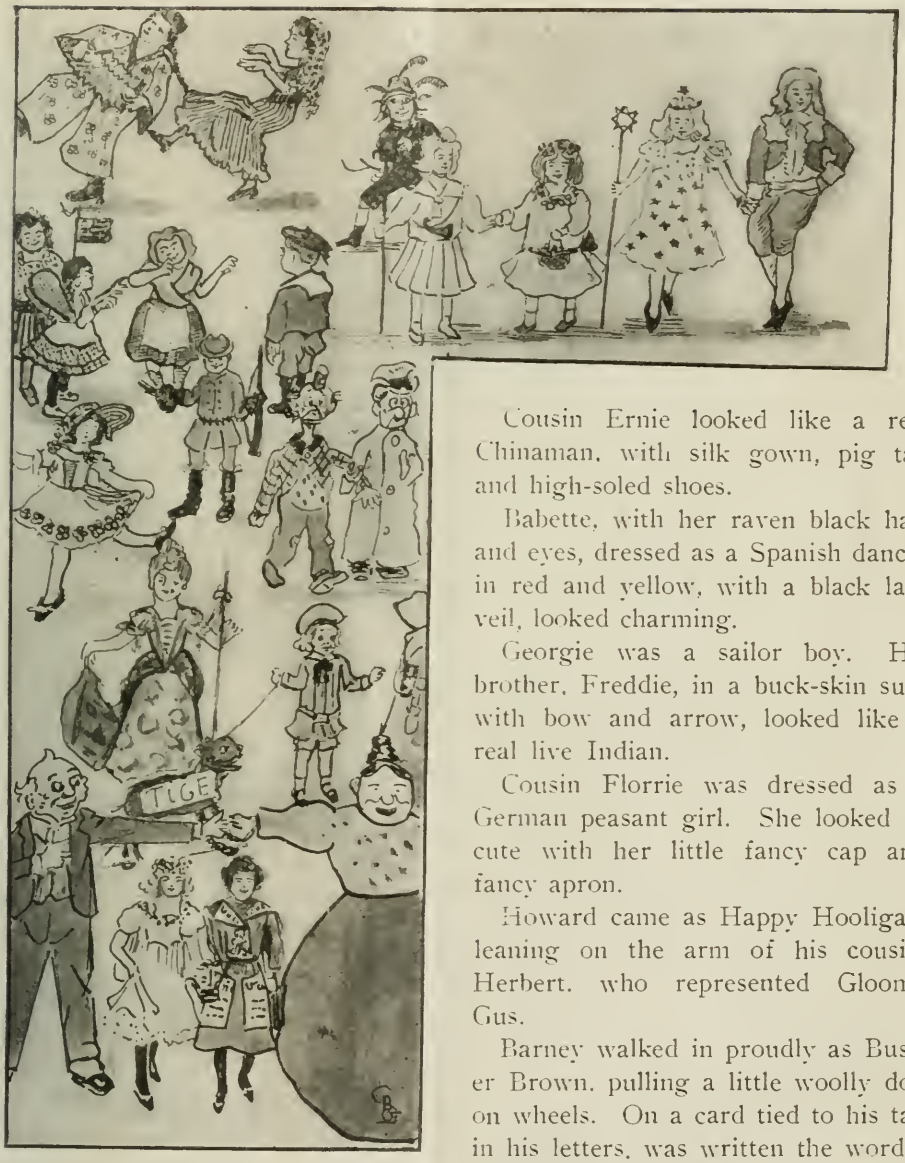
For days Grandma had been busy making preparations for her little friends. The parlor, dining room and playroom were decorated with fresh greens and flowers.

Dressed in her very best, Grandma sat in the parlor, waiting for her little guests. The first to arrive promptly at two o'clock, were her grandchildren, Ethel, Florence, Dorothy and Willie, to help receive their little friends.

Ethel looked lovely dressed as a fairy, in pink tarleton, studded with silver stars, a silver crown, and a magic wand in her hand.

Florence was a sweet little flower girl. She wore a white dress trimmed with all kinds of flowers, a pretty wreath of roses and forget-me-nots on her blonde curls, and carried on her arm a basket filled with fresh, fragrant flowers.

Dorothy looked just darling as Little Bo-Peep, dressed in white, with



a little horn hanging about her neck, and a shepherd's staff in her hand.

As Little Lord Fauntleroy, Willie looked the little gentleman he always acted to his sisters and cousins. The grandchildren, standing beside their Grandma, assisted her receive the little guests as they arrived.

Cousin Ernie looked like a real Chinaman, with silk gown, pig tail and high-soled shoes.

Babette, with her raven black hair and eyes, dressed as a Spanish dancer in red and yellow, with a black lace veil, looked charming.

Georgie was a sailor boy. His brother, Freddie, in a buck-skin suit, with bow and arrow, looked like a real live Indian.

Cousin Florrie was dressed as a German peasant girl. She looked so cute with her little fancy cap and fancy apron.

Howard came as Happy Hooligan, leaning on the arm of his cousin, Herbert, who represented Gloomy Gus.

Barney walked in proudly as Buster Brown, pulling a little woolly dog on wheels. On a card tied to his tail in his letters, was written the words: "I am Tige."

To the great amusement of all Hattie appeared as Saint Valentine. Her dress was covered with valentines. She carried a large bag at her side, filled with pretty and funny ones, which she distributed among the children.

Bessie represented the "Goddess of Liberty." Her dress was made of American flags, and she carried a banner in her hands.

As Rough Rider, Stanley came in Khaki uniform, with sword, pistol and gun.

Marion was dressed as a butterfly, with beautiful gauze-like wings.

Terese was a Quaker in gray bonnet and gown.

Harry wore the Khaki uniform of a Rough Rider like his cousin Stanley, and winking his eye at the girls, he too boasted of having been up San Juan Hill with Colonel Teddy.

Marjorie as a little blue Forget-me-not looked sweet with her long blonde curls and blue eyes.

Margaret came tripping in dressed as a modest field daisy, a pretty wreath on her curly hair, a basket filled with fresh daisies on her arm, which she distributed among the little girls.

Last, but surely not least, came Marie, dressed as her great namesake, the French Queen Marie Antoinette, with a powdered wig, a tiny bit of black court-plaster on her cheek, a handsome silk brocaded dress with a long train, which was the great delight of all the little girls.

The children were dancing merrily when, to their great surprise they found walking among them a real life-sized Mrs. Katzenjammer, leaning on the arm of Foxy Grandpa.

Even Grandma did not know who they were until she overheard Willie whisper to Ethel "Our mothers are gotten up fine! Nobody seems to know them."

Little Bo-Peep blew her horn, then suddenly the dining-room door was thrown back and the merry little dancers stopped. But one glimpse of the daintily spread table seemed to beckon and welcome them to the tempting goodies at each place. All enjoyed the ice cream, cakes and candies, and the little prizes in the favors. What fun they had with the snappers, the paper caps and the bonnets.

Peculiar sounds in the parlor attracted the attention of the little folks, and soon all were seated in chairs looking and listening to a great big man.

On one knee he had a real live pussy cat, dressed in a pink calico dress, with a little white apron and cap.

On the other knee he had a cute black monkey, dressed in the bright red uniform of an English soldier, with a cap and tiny sword and gun.

The big strange-looking man said: "My little friends, allow me to introduce to you Mistress Pussy. She can talk and sing, as you will see."

Mistress Pussy began by saying: "I have been invited here to-day to tell you what I can do. I have never been to school, for as you all know, there is no school for us poor cats, nevertheless I can say my A B C's and can count up to one hundred. I can spell mouse as well as I can smell him or catch him, if I only get a chance. I can spell bird, and I can climb a tree. I could catch one for my breakfast if I had a little salt to put on his tail. I am quite proud to belong to the band of sweet singers who sit

nightly on the backyard fence making music."

The children had been listening breathlessly and then all laughed aloud.

The big man then introduced the monkey, saying his name was Tommy Atkins, and as Mistress Pussy had done, he would also speak for himself.

"Well, my little friends, as you see by my red uniform, I am a brave English soldier. I have been in many battles fighting for my country. The last time I smelt powder was fighting the Boers in South Africa. Now I am going to tell you how my poor little cousins, the monkeys, who live in the hot and tropical countries, are caught by the natives. A strong intoxicating drink, something like beer, is made by the natives. They pour it into bowls and place them under a tree in which a family of monkeys are living. The wise old monkey warns her baby monkeys not to drink it, but they will not obey her. It tastes so nice and sweet, they keep on drinking it and soon fall sound asleep, before they are able to climb back to their home in the trees. The natives, who have been watching them from a hiding place, quickly put the drunken sleeping monkeys into big bags. They carry them off on their backs, then place them in wooden cages with iron bars. When they wake, they find themselves captives for the rest of their lives, to be sold to menageries."

The monkey then saluted by putting his hand real soldier-like to his cap.

Mistress Pussy, with a gentle meow, raised her paw to her mouth and bade them all good-bye.

To the great astonishment of the children, the big man, with the strange talking pets, disappeared just as quickly as he came.

The little folks were very much interested in all that Tommy Atkins and Mistress Pussy had said. They thought they were wonderful animals to talk like human beings.

All then crowded about Grandma Flora, asking for an explanation. She said: "My dear little friends, I am rather sorry that I must tell you the truth. The two animals did not say a single word. The big strange-looking man did all the talking. He is called a ventriloquist. He knows how to speak in such a manner at the same time moving his lips a very little, that the words or sounds seem to come from the mouth of the cat and the monkey."

Grandma had hardly finished speaking, when six little pickinninnies came dancing into the room. Standing in the large bow-window, they began singing coon songs. They were so funny, that the children just shouted for joy and kept on asking for more, until at last they joined in themselves. Three of the six little pickinninnys were dressed as girls so to the great delight of the children they danced the cake-walk. How gracefully they walked and danced. "Let us see if we can't do it just as well" said Buster Brown to Bo-peep.

Then Little Lord Fauntleroy invited the Queen Marie Antoinette.

Happy Hooligan asked the German peasant girl. Gloomy Gus had a pretty flower girl leaning on his arm, and the Rough Rider the pink fairy. The real live Indian took Miss Valentine, his brother, the Sailor Boy, the pretty Spanish Dancer.

Soon the rest of the children were following their example. All were walking and dancing just like the six pickinninnies, leading the cake-walk up and down the parlor until their little feet were too tired to move.

The smallest pickinninny was the best dancer, so he won the cake.

Little Lord Fauntleroy presented each one with a small purse containing money.

The little folks were having such a good time when the horrid old Grandfather's clock in the hall struck six, much louder than ever before, as if on purpose, to remind them that it was time to go home.

Bidding Grandma Flora good-bye, her little guests thanked her heartily for the amusement she had afforded them, saying: "They felt sorry that St. Valentine's Day came but once a year."

The Jewish Settlement in New Amsterdam

In 1654 a group of twenty-seven persons, men, women and two children, arrived at New York, or, as it was then called New Amsterdam. They were Jews. They came from Bahia, abandoning Brazil when it was evacuated by their Dutch protectors. They seem to have departed from Bahia suddenly, for upon their arrival at New York, their goods were sold by the master of the ship, Jacques de la Motthe, for the payment of their passage. This captain, as soon as he arrived, applied to the Court of Burgomasters and Schepens for an order that two or one of the passengers be held as security for the balance of the money due him, if the proceeds of the sale of their goods proved insufficient. The Court accordingly ordered that the Jews be placed under civil arrest in the custody of the provost marshall, until they should have made satisfaction, and that the captain of the vessel should be answerable for their support while in custody.

This was the first arrival of the Jews within the limits of what is now the United States, though the statement of Judge Daly in his "Jews in North America," is rendered rather doubtful by the discovery by Professor J. H. Hollander, in Maryland, of annals of names pronouncedly Jewish, a number of years before this time. Still it is generally accepted that the first lasting settlement of the Jews in the United States was made in New Amsterdam in the year 1654.

The governor of the colony, Peter Stuyvesent, an irrascible Dutchman who sincerely hated the Jews, was opposed to the settlement of the Jews in New Netherlands. He at once wrote to the directors of the

West India Company, who were his principals, that he would request that "none of the Jewish nation be permitted to infest New Netherlands." The answer came soon enough that his request was inconsistent with reason and justice. The instructions to Stuyvesant on this point were to this effect, as contained in the official records of that Company. The letter was dated April 26, 1655:

"We would have liked to agree to your wishes and request, that the new territories should not be further invaded by people of the Jewish race, for we foresee from such immigration the same difficulties which you fear, but after having further weighed and considered the matter, we observe that would be unreasonable and unfair, especially because of the considerable loss sustained by the Jews in the taking of Brazil, and also because of the large amount of capital which they have invested in shares of this company. After many consultations we have decided and resolved upon a certain petition made by said Portuguese Jews, that they shall have permission to sail to and trade in New Netherlands and to live and remain there, provided the poor among them shall not become a burden to the country, or to the community, but be supported by their own nation. You will govern yourself accordingly."

Before this order arrived, however, a few Jews had already departed for Rhode Island, where, in the little colony founded by Roger Williams, universal toleration of religious beliefs was recognized. Of the Jews who remained in New Amsterdam, the leading Jew appears to have been Abraham d'Lucena. In July, 1655, he, with several others applied for a burying ground, but his request was rudely refused, the reply being, that there was no need for it yet. On July 14, 1656, a death occurred and a lot was granted to them on the outside of the city. This first Jewish burial place in New York has not been positively placed. Judge Daly believes that it was on the side of a ridge of elevated ground near the southerly side of the present site of Oliver street, west of Madison and near Henry street.

On April 21, 1657, upon a petition to the Governor and the Council, an order was made admitting the Jews of New Amsterdam to the right of citizenship, and the Jews were no more troubled during the Dutch rule. The names of these early emigrants, so far as they can be gathered from the records, are as follows; Abraham d'Lucena, David Israel, Moses Ambrosius, Abraham de la Simon, Salvator d'Andrada, Joseph da Costa, David Frera, Jacob Barsimson, Jacob C. Henrique, or, as it was sometimes written, Jacob Cohen, Isaac Mesa, and Asser Levy, nearly all of whom, as it would seem by their names, or Spanish or Portuguese origin.

Passover in Judea

The first evening of the Paschal feast, falling in the spring time, was also invested with peculiar importance. It was intended to arouse every year and to keep alive a grateful remembrance of the deliverance from Egypt, and the consciousness of being in possession of precious freedom. It became either a law or a custom to drink four glasses of wine upon this festival of rejoicing, and even the poorest managed to obtain the draught "that rejoices the heart." On the eve of the Passover, the members of each family, with their most intimate friends, gathered round the table, not to indulge in a luxurious meal, but to thank and praise the God of their father; they ate bitter herbs, broke unleavened bread, tasted some of the paschal lamb in commemoration of their freedom, and drank the four goblets of wine to celebrate this bright festival with a cheerful heart. Gradually the custom arose for several families to celebrate the Paschal eve in common, the whole assembly to partake of the lamb, amid the singing of psalms. The Paschal eve became in time a delightful family festival.

— *Graetz's History of the Jews.*

Bible Lessons for the Month

By Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee,

Supt. Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York.

The Biblical Lessons for this month are found in Leviticus. Chapters 6 to 15 inclusive.

I. Following A Routine.

Upon the altar of the Tabernacle the perpetual fire was kept burning continually. The law ordered that it was never to go out. This command in itself contains nothing peculiar, but it represented the type of laws which were enacted for the service in the Tabernacle, where the details were distinctly noted. There was no option or choice, and there was a continuity about the work there performed. The services seems to have run on a system. Certain sins required specific sacrifices, and the portion allotted to the priest were stated in clear terms.

We are not preaching the popular doctrine when we take our stand in favor of such routine, but the person who follows the reguar course, which in advance has been mapped out for him, will succeed in doing ever so much more than a person who proceeds in a haphazard way. Some years ago, in our high-schools and colleges, there was a movement to have more elective and less prescribed studies. The tendency has now changed in another direction. It is a question if young people are qualified to decide what studies are best to pursue. Another well-known tend-

ency was to open our libraries, and permit the visitors to rummage among the shelves at random, thus giving them the greatest freedom in their choice of books. The time occupied in picking out a volume, however, was not overcome by the other gain, and now the up-to-date librarians offer all kinds of help to people, such as catalogues and lists of books, that they may obtain the good literature as quickly as possible.

It is offered as an objection, that such systems and thoughts are likely to deaden individuality. If a man has his work all mapped for him in advance, just as the service of the Tabernacle was prearranged, he cannot exercise his own talents to the best of his advantage. The answer is, that when any young man performs his smaller duties in a proper way, he is sure to receive an appointment to a higher office, where there is all possible room for his brain exercise. All big stores are looking for people with new ideas, for the man who has some practical suggestions. But we can only rise to a position of independence through first receiving the support which comes through the practice of routine work.

II. Obeying the Spirit.

The tenth chapter of Leviticus opens with the terrible calamity which fell upon the house of Aaron, when Nadab and Abihu, two of his sons, were killed by fire from God. What exact crime these two men committed, we do not know. The Rabbis of old offered a number of likely sins, any one or more of which may have been the real crime. There is at the same time, another way of looking at this. Not so much in what they did, as in what they neglected to do.

They took no consideration of the spirit of their father. Even if Aaron did not in as many words tell his sons that they were not to offer a strange fire before God, there is no question that Aaron would have denied this privilege if they had asked it. The sons therefore may be said to have suffered the death penalty because they refused to act according to the spirit of their father's work.

From this point of view we take a splendid lesson for our lives. How many of us make a habit of trying to live according to the wishes of our parents and employers, even going so far as to anticipate what they desire? We never give a boy credit for obeying his parents. No one lauds the clerk who carries out the orders of the head of that department. But we call him smart when he fulfills in advance the very next command, which he is sure his superior is going to give him. There is nothing very hard about this. The habits of men and women do not vary from day to day. Just as we are able to use the very language in which Macaulay or Stevenson might have expressed themselves on a certain topic, so it is quite possible for a clever young person to anticipate the next order his employer may be desirous of giving. This is a great victory for him, and a sign, also, that the young person has attempted to pattern after the ex-

ample of the responsible person, the proprietor.

Nothing gives more pleasure than to find people who see into the future, and look beyond the strict law which we are forced to obey. The man who does not know his parent's or employer's wish, cannot be doing his full duty. To be faithful, means to work in the spirit of our superior officer, and no better advice can be given young people, than to make some effort to try and discover what our proprietor wishes to have done.

III. Leprosy Within Homes

Beginning with chapter twelve of Leviticus, we come to a new section of the Bible. Moses here becomes a physician, and prescribes treatment for disease. At first thought, we are surprised that in a religious book there should be some discussion about ailments. Peculiar it is to note that while Scripture talks about the discovery and means to render a diagnosis of leprosy, not a line is written about the cure of the disease. We must give credit to the sagacity of Moses in this respect. Four thousand years later, science with its vast improvements in medicine, offers no more of a cure than was known previously to the Israelites. Unlike the leprosy of to-day, the Bible speaks of a kind of leprosy which rendered the home also unclean.

The Talmud, in commenting upon these chapters, places stress not on the external disease of leprosy, but on the internal disease, where our hearts and minds have been diseased by impure thoughts and associations. Let us apply the same thought to our homes, and realize that, if we do not know of houses which are impure through the disease of leprosy without, there are countless homes which are wrecked and rendered unholy through leprosy within. I mean that we do not take the proper care of our home life from impure conditions.

The members of our family are employed in different places, so that the chief occasion when all are together is at meals or at evening. How often does it occur that the evening meal is rendered most unpleasant, because just at that time criticism is offered about another member of the family. This hour ought to be the most genial one, it rarely passes without angry words. In the evening the elder brothers seldom stay home with the idea of passing the time agreeably with the remainder of the family. We think nothing of running out some night to aid poor people and go considerably out of our way to do some small service for them. How rarely do we meet young people who actually give up their evenings to bring pleasure to the members of their own family? Be the outside walls however pretentious, with strife within or with an unwilling spirit to help one another, the house contains unmistakable signs of leprosy. Our American life as we conduct it, is undoubtedly responsible in part for this, but the fault is with us, not with outside conditions.

May we rise superior to our surroundings and give up more for the pleasure of our home. If we must criticise some act of a member of our

family, let us avoid doing so at meal times. Working for the highest interest of our family, we shall soon blot out the evil from our midst and cleanse our homes from all impurities.

The time is soon coming, but may it be greatly hastened, when our American born Israelites will do the same thing. When we have a party in our house, we can very easily put aside a little candy to give to some poor person by whom it will be greatly appreciated. If we spend a little less money for flowers or other extravagances at weddings, giving this money to needy persons, no one would feel the economy, while some poor individuals would offer prayers to God on behalf of the newly married couple. A little less pomp at funerals would even be commented favorably upon by outsiders, and the money thus saved would do a world of good to some woman in sore straits. In short, we can do nothing better than to become old-fashioned in this tendency of thanking God, by aiding His poor people. Likewise, we best show our submission to His decrees by doing some little acts to alleviate the distress of others. Finally, let us remember that this is only practice. If we accustom ourselves to offer to unfortunate persons, we shall acquire a habit which will afford the utmost satisfaction and pleasure. May this thought here suggested lead some of us to carry it into practice.

IV. Helping the Poor

A beautiful thought is suggested when we read the different laws in connection with the sacrifices. If a person committed a sin through ignorance of the Law, he brought an offering to the priest, by means of which there was atonement. The man who was cured of his disease or the woman who was blessed with a child, brought sacrifices to the Tabernacle to signify their appreciation of God's goodness to them. In the spirit of these laws, the poor Jew who had barely a dollar in the world to call his own, was accustomed to offer his few pennies to charity, because God had been good to him.

The charity boxes of our large institutional homes and hospitals may contain large sums of money. The number of contributors cannot begin to compare to those donors who have put their pennies and nickles in the institutions downtown. It is a part of the poor Jew's religion to see the act of God in every incident of his life. When there is a wedding or birth in the family, this hard-working Israelite thanks God, by distributing alms to the poor, although he himself belongs to that class. When the hand of death lies heavy in the midst of his dearest ones, he lightens his sorrow through distributing his money to people whom he believes to be more severely tried than himself.

Talmudic Tales

By Hyman Hurwitz

XXXI.

The Wilful Drunkard.

Look not on the wine (and say) O! how it reddens—how it reflects its sparkling hue in the cup—how smoothly it glides down:—It will at last bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. Strange sights will thine eyes behold; thine heart will contemplate perverse things. Yea, thou wilt be as one that lieth down in the heart of the sea, or as one that reposes on the mast's head. They beat me, (thou wilt say) I feel no pain;—they strike me, I feel it not: O! that I were again awake!—again would I drink—again seek for wine. Prov. xxiii. 31—35.

The drunkard, says a learned Rabbi, first parts with his money, then with his silver vessels, saying, "Copper vessels will render me the same service." He then exchanges the copper for earthen vessels, saying, "O! they will do equally well;" and would part even with these, could he but get drink. Like all vicious habits, drunkenness clings to a man during his life, and will not leave him even on the brink of the grave.

A certain man was so addicted to drinking that he sold even his household furniture to satisfy his depraved appetite. His sons, who had long observed their father's growing infirmity with the deepest sorrow, said, "If we permit our parent to proceed much longer at this rate, he will leave us nothing wherewith to maintain him." They employed the mildest means to dissuade him from a course so destructive and disgraceful. It was all in vain. He continued to indulge himself as usual. Resolved to leave no method calculated to produce a reform untried, they carried him one day, whilst in a state of intoxication, to the burying ground; and placed him in a cave, where the dead were usually deposited; flattering themselves, that on awaking from his stupor, the melancholy scenes by which he would find himself surrounded, would make him seriously reflect on his past life; that he would then abandon a habit attended with such pernicious consequences; and readily pardon them an act which, however irreverent, was solely intended for his good. With this impression they left him. On the next morning they hastened to the cave, expecting to find their parent, weak for want of food, but certainly not in a state of inebriation. Their astonishment may therefore be more easily conceived than described, when, on entering the cave, they found him sitting apparently at ease, with a flask, nearly emptied of its contents, at his mouth; whilst a number of bottles, some empty, others still full, were lying near him. They spoke to him, but could obtain no coherent answer.

It appears that some smugglers had the preceding night passed that way with a quantity of wine, which they intended to introduce into the

town; but perceiving the king's officers at a distance, and fearing detection, concealed the prohibited gods in the very cave, as a place least likely to be searched; and went on: intending to fetch them away at a convenient opportunity. In the mean time the old man slept very soundly, little dreaming of what was going forward. Early next morning he awoke, and finding himself in so melancholy a place, surrounded by the dead, and assailed by their putrid smell, he was at first greatly terrified and alarmed; but the same light which exhibited his gloomy situation, discovered to him the rich store that was deposited near him. The sight of so unexpected a treasure filled him with joy. He no longer thought of the dead, nor of the grave; but opening one bottle after the other, and emptying them of their delicious contents, he became as drunk as ever. In this situation his sons found him. Overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, they exclaimed, "Alas, all our endeavors are vain—the disease is incurable: but he is our father;—it is our duty to hide his infirmities. Let us take him home, supply him in a private chamber with as much as he can drink, that he may no longer be exposed to public scorn." This they did: convinced, that ill habits once contracted, are seldom relinquished; and that confirmed vice will not quit its unfortunate possessor, even at the brink of the grave.

—*Medrash Vayeekra Rabah.*

XXXII.

Make the Best of Present Conditions.

When the ungenerous grant a favor, it is generally clogged with so many hard conditions, as to render their pretended generosity of no avail. Under such circumstances, prudence commands us to submit to our hard fate, rather than to provoke fresh insults by useless resistence.

A short time after Trajan had mounted the throne of the Roman Empire, the Israelites obtained his permission to rebuild the Holy Temple at Jerusalem. The Samaritans no sooner heard of it, than, with their usual malignity, they represented to the Emperor the danger of permitting the Jews to assemble again in their former metropolis, where, being once more united, they would soon shake off their allegiance. Trajan, unwilling to revoke the grant, yet fearful of the consequences, was at a loss how to proceed; when one of his counsellors suggested to him a very easy method of getting rid of his embarrassment. "Order them," said this artful adviser, "to build the intended Temple on a different spot; or to make it five cubits higher or lower than its former dimension; and you may be sure their strict adherence to the letter of the law will not permit them to avail themselves of your favor." The Emperor issued his order accordingly. This threw the people into the greatest consternation. They assembled tumultuously in the

valley of Rimmon; and whilst some expressed their disappointment in lamentation and tears, there were many who madly wanted to oppose the Emperor's orders, by force of arms. The elders seeing the people in such a ferment requested Rabbi Joshua, whose wisdom and eloquence were well known, to appease them. The Rabbi obeyed their call, and in addressing the multitude, made use of the well known apologue of the Lion and the Crane. "The lion," said the orator, "whilst devouring his prey, acidentally got a bone in his throat. After many vain endeavors to disgorge is, he caused a great reward to be proclaimed amongst his numerous subjects, for him who should relieve his mighty majesty from the excruciating pain. Few animals ventured to undertake the operation. At last the crane offered his service. It was joyfully accepted. The feathered physician put his long neck in the lion's throat, took hold of the bone with his long bill, extracted it, to the astonishment of all the bystanders, and then demanded the promised reward. 'A reward, indeed!' said the lion contemptuously; 'Is it not sufficient reward for thee, to have permitted thy ugly neck to escape my sacred and mighty jaws? and askest thou now for a still further reward?' The crane thought this argument, if not convincing, very powerful: he went his way, and was happy indeed to have escaped so imminent a danger. The application of this fable," added the eloquent Joshua, "is easy enough. Remember, dear brethren, you are under foreign subjection; recollect your past sufferings, and think yourselves happy in the comparative ease you at present enjoy; at all events do not provoke, by vain and useless resistance, the mighty power of the Emperor." The people were instructed, and went home peaceably.

XXXIII.

The Traveler and the Date Tree of the Oasis.

Rabbi Nachman, who was very rich, learned, and wise, requested his friend, Rabbi Isaac, to give him his blessing. "You put me in mind," said the latter, "of a certain man, who, having travelled in a desert nearly a whole day, found himself very hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. Necessity obliged him to travel onward, till at last he came to a most enchanting spot, where grew a fine date tree, watered by a small rivulet. The fatigued traveller seated himself in the shade of the tree, plucked some of its delicious fruit, and refreshed himself. Grateful for the unexpected relief, he thus addressed his benefactor: "Tree! tree! what blessing can I give thee? Shall I wish thee towering branches, beautiful foliage, and refreshing shade? thou hast them already;—plenty and exquisite fruit? thous are already blessed therewith;—a refreshing stream to moisten thy root? thou hast no lack of it. The only thing I can wish thee then is, that every one of thy suckers, wherever they be planted, may flourish like thee. Now, my friend, what blessing can I give thee? Learned and wise thou art already; of riches thou hast plenty, and thy children are many. I can therefore only wish, that all thy descendants may be blessed like thee.

T. Tanith.

Some Helpful Thoughts

God's treasury, where he keeps his children's gifts, will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in his eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—*Fenelon.*

'Tis hard to get knowledge, or gain sacred love,
As vessels of gold which are precious in cost;
But easy to lose it from memory's store,
As vessels of glass can be broken and lost. *Talmud.*

Yes, things are hard sometimes. And we must live on and bear God's will. Because He makes a plan for us, and there will be always something coming, we cannot tell, day by day, what may be, only He never forgets us or leaves anything out.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above.
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.
—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Let come what may, sickness, sorrow, misfortune, poverty, pain. Say to them I am master, not you—you shall be my servants. I will sing songs in the night, smile through tears, be generous and helpful with little. This is my only chance to be victor, and I will be a conqueror in the field where I am placed, and saying this you shall be victor, and to be master of circumstances is to win the highest joy we can ever know.—*Rev. L. M. Powers.*

It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength.
—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

God accepts our homliest, poorest gifts or services if they are indeed our best, and if true love to Him consecrates and sanctifies them.—*J. R. Miller.*

"Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love."
—*Phoebe Carey.*

Three Nature Fables

I.—The Snow Coverlid.

In a sheltered corner of a certain garden the first storm of winter piled a round drift of snow. Like a little white grave mound it shone there day and night, and no wind moved it and no man shovelled it away.

Week after week it clung there, in spite of melting sun rays or thawing rains. It grew with the increase of every storm, and diminished with every day of warmth; but it never grew too small to cover the chosen corner. When nearly all its neighbor drifts had vanished, it was still in sight and, even after the spring rains began to come, it lifted up its pure white face.

"Surely the little drift must be guarding something," thought the March wind, "it is so persistent!" And March wind guessed aright; for one morning the little drift had disappeared, and there, where it had lain, was a crocus bed, gleaming with beautiful buds.

And, as the buds opened into blossoms, they seemed to tell the world, "Remember that from persistent effort the flower of Success will bloom!"

II.—The Nests in the Pine

Two bird families once flew from a far-off land to make their home in a tall pine on the edge of a spreading forest. This pine was the tallest tree in miles around, and offered countless bowers for the building of nests. But the four birds were tired after their long flight, and began to quarrel as to the choice of boughs. So sharp was their disagreement that at last they widely separated, two of them building near the top, and the other two near the lower branches.

But this arrangement failed to make the expected peace; for the upper two were always telling of the glorious views from their lofty perch, while the lower two continually chattered of the beautiful brook which rippled beneath them. And, when the little birds came and were learning to fly, the families were more discontented than ever.

Finally, the mothers, who longed for peace, agreed upon a plan which was tried at once. A beautiful bough in the middle of the tree was chosen, and there they made two new nests and moved into them. From their new homes they saw the same scenes, sang the same carols, and listened to the same brook-song. They were supremely happy, and the pine boughs swayed and seemed to sing, "Remember that it is better to climb half the height with others than all the height alone, and that 'together' is a word or words!"

III.—The Bee and the Bud.

A greedy honey-bee once lighted on a blush-pink rosebud that nodded

by a window. It was in early summer, and as yet the bee had found no open flowers; so, when he beheld the bursting bud, he pounced upon it and sought to tear it open. But the pink petals held close together, and attack was of no avail.

The bee grew very angry, and planned to ruin this bud which would not open for him. So he found some little rosebugs and set them to work to destroy the flower's life, while he sat by and looked on

The bud soon began to suffer, and plead with the bee to remove the torture. "Have patience, my greedy friend," said she. "Take away these pests, and I will open for you and grant you my sweetest store."

The bee so longed for the promised honey that he drove the wicked bugs away, and waited for the bud to blow. Long, long did he wait, but by and by the petals opened, and the bud became a rose. The bee flew in and found the sweetest nectar he had ever tasted.

And the rose voice seemed to whisper, "Remember that he who waits will reach the prize at last and find it doubly sweet!"—*Every Other Sunday.*

Thoughts on a Bright Afternoon

By Edna F. Dessar.

There is sunshine in my heart, my dear,
There is sunshine in the atmosphere,
Always show a sunny smile, and cheer
Mayhap, a heart that's lone and drear.

In this world there is some pain I know,
But the sons of men do make it so.
For every ill there is a cure. Lo!
Let love, duty, law in your heart grow.
In this fair land of prosperity,
Peace and love allow not levity.

Just do your best where you duty see,
The good resulting will widespread be.

The beast satisfies his appetite,
But man's aim's higher: to spread peace and right.
The beast fills his humble station.
Man his fills, without elation.
Be thankful for opportunities
And conveniences, and quickly seize
The chance to do your part, though small. Please!
Think! you live but once; there's much to right.

The Story of Caleb

By Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee,

Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, New York City.

My Dear Children:—

This month we wish to talk about Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. He and Joshua were the two spies who alone brought back the truth concerning the land of Canaan. If ever you wish to read a chapter in the Bible full of thrilling incidents, turn to the Thirteenth of the Book of Numbers. Picture to yourselves how the children of Israel must have felt when the ten spies brought back the false report about the land of Canaan. The people had left Egypt expecting to enter a land of promise. But this report dashed all their hopes and expectations. In the midst of this story, Caleb rushed to Moses, and boldly told his leader that the people are able to possess the land of Canaan, and added that they should do so at once. This is the kind of message we like to hear. In the first place it was straight to the point, and in the second place it proves he was a person who was anxious to do things properly.

Now, boys and girls, you have heard me speak about this before, but I am going to repeat it. Men who act in such a commendable way must have learned to do these things properly when they were children. I therefore feel certain that Caleb when a child was the proper spirited kind of boy from whom we can learn what is for our own good.

In the first place, your teachers will tell you that it is such a satisfaction to have a girl or boy who can give a straight answer when asked a question. If you are spoken to about something you were told to do, but neglected to carry out your duty, do not commit a second error when you are asked about it. In a few words, be manly and say you have neglected your duty, but avoid looking to the ground, keeping silent, or giving some peculiar answer which does not mean anything. When you are sent on a message, bring back the proper answer, so that it is not necessary to send a second or third time to have the matter properly straightened out. And so, when you study your lessons be careful in preparing your work, so that when the teacher asks you about it, you will find a ready answer which will prove that the thing is clear in your mind. This is what Caleb did. He did not go into a long explanation about the big men, rough roads or high mountains of Canaan. Caleb settled the entire answer by saying, "we can fight and defeat the enemy, therefore I recommend that we go at once."

A few words about a second point. Caleb said that they should fight the enemy at once. So I tell you, no time is so good for acting properly as the present. Get into the habit of doing things at once. It makes your teacher feel good when she asks a boy or girl to do an errand, and sees that the

child does immediately what has been requested. Only yesterday I happened to watch the superintendent of a very large department store in this city as he sat at his desk. He was questioning men who applied for work, but at the same time he was forming his opinion of them from their answers. One question he asked each person was, "When will you be ready to work for us?" and I noticed that he only employed the men who expressed themselves as ready to commence on the instant. He did not want and nobody does want the man who is ready to do everything tomorrow, which of course means never.

There are other lessons we may learn from the story of Caleb. If, however, we may take these two points to heart, our friends will surely be more than satisfied with us.

Now children, try to acquire the habit of answering properly and to the point. Do not reply in a roundabout way, and when you are doing your work be as quick about it. To one word, do your duty at once.

Flowers for Back-Yards and Windows

To make the desert back-yards of tenement houses in New York blossom as near like the rose as possible, and to metamorphose the fire-escapes into the hanging gardens of the east side is the object of an organization called the Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild. Miss Ada Fairfield, in an interview in the New York *Sun*, enthusiastically describes the plans of the guild. "It is pitiful to see the constant struggle in the tenement house region to have a bit of green and blossom in the house. With the exception perhaps of the Hebrews, almost all the immigrants now settling in New York are from country districts, especially the Slavonians and Italians, and they miss the growing plants greatly. The most persistent and successful window gardeners in the tenement districts are the Italian women. The Jews seem to care less of any people in New York for growing things. The German love for a garden, and his determination to eat and drink in one when possible, are well known.

"One of our greatest difficulties in these flagged areas is where we expect the tenement house department to help us. By a recent court decision landlords must gradually remove the old outhouses from the yards. The landlord cannot leave a hole there. He must fill it with earth. This would make a plot of earth containing perhaps twenty-five square feet. Tenement House Commissioner Crain has told us that he will co-operate with us in any way he can. We hope to arrange the matter so that whenever the inspectors know of one of these being removed he will notify us and we can seize upon the place as a garden. The problem is to find out what will grow in such a place. The dry, stored heat of the stone walls and the network of pipes underneath are slow death to most plants. We would like to plant permanent things, like shrubs, trees and vines, but the first two are the hardest of all. The poplar and the ailantus are the only trees that will grow in congested districts of New York.

"It is possible to have a good garden in New York under apparently the most difficult conditions, if one knows how. At the University Settlement the back windows overlooked a yard which was full of the desolation of tin cans and tenement house rubbish. The settlement residents consulted with the people who lived there, planned a garden, furnished seeds, tools and instruction, and their back windows now look upon a flourishing garden, the beds all picked out with clam shells. We shall be in position to furnish slips, cuttings, seeds and ideas. What we want is to get persons or groups of persons in the different parts of the city who will take interest in backyard gardening and keep a friendly eye upon it.

In Lighter Vein

Cholly—Cawn't imagine what's the mattah with Gussie. There seems to be something preying on his mind. Miss Sharpe—Oh! whatever it is let it alone. It will probably die of starvation.

Mrs. Housekeep—Jane, are the eggs boiling? Jane (late of Boston)—Most assuredly not, madam. I may safely say, however, that the water is in which they are immersed.

Ragson (to friend in hotel bedroom)—Let me in, Jim; I can't find the keyhole. Tagson—Call a bell boy. I just got in and don't know where it is either.

Holland—Hello, Jones! What do you think of this for weather! Jones—I'll tell you when I come back from the barber's. I am always sure to get full information on the subject from the man who shaves me.

Very Queer—"Well, well, that's a funny thing." "What is it?" Miss Passay was an old maid before she married, and now that her husband is dead she is a young widow."

Cholly—I was weally seveah with him. —What did you do, Cholly? Cholly—Well, y' see, the chap kept staring at me, horribly. So finally I fixed my monocle on him and said: I say, me man, you must be dev'lish hald up for something to look at, y' know!' I could see he was awf'ly cut up, for he said, 'I guess that's right.'"

A mother was talking to her children about going to bed early. "Ted," she said, earnestly, "you and Ethel ought to go to bed with the sun; the chickens go to bed with the sun." "Yes, I know they do, mamma," Ted replied, "but the old hen—she always goes with 'em."

Stinjay—See here, when are you going to pay me back that dollar you borrowed? Borroughs—Why, man alive, I earned that dollar. I had to work with you for a couple of hours before I got it out of you.

"Vera," he began, "you must know why I've been calling here so much: why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night—" "I suppose, Mr. Kloseman," the girl interrupted, "It's cheaper to do that than take me out anywhere."

"This awful extravagance of yours must stop. You've saved absolutely nothing for a rainy day!—Oh, yes, I have dear. I've saved a lovely blue rainy-day skirt."

Mistah Johsing—Can't yo' give me no hope, Liza? Miss Jackson—Once an' fo' all, Mistah Johnsing, I tells yo' I won't be no man's cullud supplement.

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all, he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long, and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.

"Say, old man," began bracer, preparing for a touch, "you know that fiver I borrowed of you last summer—" "I'm afraid not," interrupted Weiser, "suppose you introduce me to it again."

Miss Bly—A man with a past is always the most interesting kind, don't you think so? Miss Sly—Well, no. To tell the truth, I am looking for one with a future.

A dialogue heard at the Stock Exchange on a frosty winter's day: "Mr. Moses, what would you advise me to buy to-day?" "Thermometers, of course; they are very low at present and are bound to rise."

"Why do so many pianists wear long hair?" "I suppose," answered Miss Cayenne, "that some of them let their hair hang over their ears so as not to be so much disturbed by the surrounding conversation."

Towne—I understood you to call Mrs. Rounder a widow, but her husband is living. Browne—Oh, yes; she's what you might call a "club widow;" she's a woman who has had a late husband.

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